

THE OREGON MIST.

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5:00	A. M.	0:00	Le Portland Ar	11:10	9:45
5:05	0:05	0:05	Goble	10:05	8:30
5:10	0:10	0:10	Rainier	9:52	8:20
5:15	0:15	0:15	Pyramid	9:38	8:00
5:20	0:20	0:20	Mayday	9:27	7:46
5:25	0:25	0:25	Quincy	9:17	7:04
5:30	0:30	0:30	Clatskanie	9:06	6:28
5:35	0:35	0:35	Marshfield	8:52	5:52
5:40	0:40	0:40	Westport	8:38	5:17
5:45	0:45	0:45	Clifton	8:27	5:02
5:50	0:50	0:50	Knappa	8:15	4:45
5:55	0:55	0:55	Svensen	8:07	4:31
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also got physicians to name chronic in-
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closed the transaction. The proceed-
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"I have something to tell you," she says,
in a trembling voice. "No, do not come
near me, do not touch me, until you have
heard it; perhaps, afterward, you will not
want to."

A feeling of stupefaction comes over
Tom. What can she mean?
June turns her face from him and
begins to cry piteously.

"Oh," she sobs, "how can I—how can
I tell you?"
"What do you mean?" cries Tom, at
his wife's end, unable to believe a breath
against her, but uttering pained and
mystified by her words and her agitation.

"Do you remember," she says at last,
"when your cousin was here in the
summer?"

Tom is silent. He cannot speak.
"You went away for a day or two, and
I saw a good deal of him, and I fancied
of this confession—that I was in love
with him and he with me, and—suddenly
checking herself, and speaking in a strain-
ed, unnatural voice—"he kissed me."

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the knife up to the hilt in his heart, he
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soul, kissed by Dallas!

She has buried her face in the sofa
cushions and is waiting with a beating
heart for Tom's answer. There is a huge,
long silence, and then a voice, distorted
out of all likeness to Tom's, says:

"And you—let him!"
Silence, utter silence.
It is enough. She does not deny it.
And, after giving her a full minute in
which to reply he gets up and walks
away, and June hears the door close upon
him.

She has lost him, lost the truest, brav-
est, kindest heart that ever beat. She is
quite sure now that she loves him, that
she would joyfully have been his wife,
that she has lost the chance of immense
happiness and that a blank, lonely life
spreads itself out before her.

She trembles at the bare thought of
meeting him again. How will she look
him in the face after this?

Mrs. Ellesmere is not surprised at din-
ner to remark that June's eyes are red
from crying—that is not an infrequent
event—but she is surprised, very much
surprised at the change in Tom's man-
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treme tenderness which has characterized
it ever since June became an inmate of
the Hall is gone, and is replaced by a
careful and studied politeness. Tom's
mother hopes and believes that June has
been refusing to give him any definite
hope or to discuss the subject of mar-
riage. The change in Tom's manner has
in one way a beneficial effect on June:
it makes her angry. She feels that he
is untrue and that his justice more
than anything else in the world. She has
told him this shameful secret of her own
free will. He is welcome to give her up
if he chooses, but he has no right to treat
her in a way to arouse the suspicions of
others. June's conscience being guilty,
she fancies that the impression his be-
havior may give is that it is he, not she,
who has broken the tie between them.

But poor Tom has no idea of giving her
up; he is suffering mortal agony and try-
ing with all his might to conceal it.

June takes a book after dinner. She
will not bestow one look upon Tom. He
tries to read the paper, but glances cov-
erly at her from behind it and wonders
if this awful thing she has told him can
be true—wonders why she should be an-
gry, which she evidently is, and, most of
all, longs to take her in his arms and say
he forgives her, and to hear from her that
she really and truly consents to be his.

Mrs. Ellesmere, waking from her drows-
iness, goes off to her boudoir to write some
letters. Tom sits for about ten minutes
thinking how he shall approach his lady
love, when she saves him the trouble by



CHAPTER XI.

February had come, bringing some
spring-like days; the feathered lovers were
already serenading their ladies; primroses
and crocuses were springing to meet the
first smile of their god. And June was
decidedly growing less wan and white,
her step was more elastic. Grief was still
her master passion; but, already, Time
was doing for her what he does for the
young, and indeed for the old, too, only
more slowly. And Tom had bravely ad-
vanced.

"Should you be very angry if I were to
say something to you?" he asked June
one day.

"No," answers June, placidly, with a
tolerably good intuition of his meaning.

"I have been afraid to say a word yet,"
he utters, still much perturbed in his
mind. "But—but—oh, my darling, will
you say one day and live here for good
and all—do you care enough for me to
marry me?"

June does not answer in words, but she
gives a little pressure to the hand which
holds hers.

After that, what could any man do
under the circumstances, especially a man
madly in love, but snatch his darling to
his breast and cover her face with kisses?
June trembles violently; this time it is not
from horror or disgust, but because the
sudden remembrance of Dallas' kiss
smites her, and with it the awful neces-
sity of confessing her shame to Tom. In
a moment she tears herself from his arms,
and, starting up, rushes over to the fire-
place. He dares not pursue her; already
he is accusing himself of indecency to
her grief; the moment of delight is being
punished by remorse—too frequent a
sequence!

At last, making a tremendous effort
over herself, June goes back to the sofa
and sits down at a little distance from
him.

"I have something to tell you," she says,
in a trembling voice. "No, do not come
near me, do not touch me, until you have
heard it; perhaps, afterward, you will not
want to."

A feeling of stupefaction comes over
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iness, goes off to her boudoir to write some
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thinking how he shall approach his lady
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driving the nail, and to sit in the low
with Tom in the morning, and a ex-
tremely amused and interested in watch-
ing the gay crowd. One day Dallas, who
was ignorant of her arrival in town,
dropped in to luncheon. It was an em-
barrassing moment for every one, except,
apparently for Dallas, who greeted June
with the greatest cordiality and had ven-
tured to forget that there had ever been
a love passage between them. June re-
covered herself in a moment, and behaved
as though she were equally oblivious;
indeed, she was now so devoted to Tom
that she felt absolutely nothing for his
quandary rival. It was Tom who felt the
least at ease.

"Tell me, my darling," he said that
night, with extreme anxiety, "has—has
seeing Dal made any difference in your
feeling to me?"

June put her hand into his, and looked
frankly into his eyes.

"Not the very, very least," she answer-
ed. "I rather wonder now what I saw in
him before. Tom," in a questioning voice,
"could you love two people at once?" then
with a lovely, rippling smile, "I could
not."

Tom's answer need not be chronicled.
In due course the day arrived to which
the young couple had looked forward as
the one that must infallibly be the hap-
piest of his life—only that general flutter,
tumult, nervousness, agitation, speech-
fying, are not generally very conducive
to bliss. Still, everything "went off beau-
tifully," as the phrase is.

Miss June, as we know, was a trifle
self-willed, and, in spite of what anyone
might say, she declined to be married in
white with a bridal wreath and veil. As
a matter of fact, she wished to go to the
altar in black; but she was not allowed
to offer this insult to the god Hymen, and
therefore compromised the matter by
wearing a charming toilet of silver gray.
And sweetly young and modest and pret-
ty she looked, with a faint carnation in
her cheeks, and eyes bright with tears
that she was resolute not to shed. For
was she not happy? and would she dis-
honor to her love by being a weeping,
mournful-looking bride?

The wedding was a very quiet one, but
a great festival was given to the tenants.
The rector and Mrs. Ellesmere did the
honors of that, while the bridegroom and
bride were bowing away in their carriage,
and four on the first stage of their jour-
ney to Dover. For June had never been
abroad, and was to see all those lovely
parts of Switzerland and the Rhine,
which, we who have often seen them, turn
up our noses at, but which to the novices
are so entrancingly lovely and charming.

And if ever two young people "did" the
Continental pleasantly, Mr. and Mrs. El-
lesmere did. Tom was the most liberal
creature in the world, and endowed with
a fair amount of wealth, and he was sen-
sible enough to know that the value of
money is the pleasure it can bring you.
The services were secured of an admir-
able courier (who prevented their having
the smallest trouble and made semi-pa-
ternal love to June's maid). Tom's pocket-
books were full of gold and silver and bank
notes, which he flung about with the gen-
erosity and recklessness of the traditional
"million" (less well known on the Continent
now than formerly); the best of every-
thing was so securely good enough for his
wife's darling; his good temper was imper-
turtable, and his adoration at its utmost
pitchable.

One question constantly perplexed her.
How was it possible that Tom, the apple
of her eye, the object of her intense de-
votion—in whose absence she felt it would
be impossible to know happiness—could
once have inspired disgust and weariness
in her? Sometimes she was compelled
to say, twining her arms round his neck,
"How is it possible that I did not always
love you as I do now?" and he would an-
swer, pressing her to his faithful heart:
"It seems more wonderful to me, dar-
ling, that you should care for me now
than that you should not have cared for
me before."

(To be continued.)

SHE RESCUED HER CHICKENS.

Brave Deed of a Lighthouse Girl at
Matineus Rock.

Several of the violent storms that
have whirled over the Matineus rock
have tried the fortitude of the little
band of faithful watchers upon it, says
the Century Magazine.

One of these watchers, Abby Bur-
gess, has become famous in our light-
house annals, not only for long service,
but also for bravery displayed on var-
ious occasions. Her father was keep-
er of the rock from 1833 to 1867. In
January, 1856, when she was 17 years
of age, he left her in charge of the
lights while he crossed to Matineus
Island.

His wife was an invalid, his son was
away on a cruise and his four other
children were little girls. The follow-
ing day it began to "breeze up," the
wind increased to a gale and soon de-
veloped into a storm almost as furious
as that which carried away the tower
on Minots ledge in 1851. Before long
the seas were sweeping over the rock.

Down among the boulders was a
chicken coop which Abby feared might
be carried away.

On a lonely ocean out post like
Matineus rock a chicken is considered
with affectionate interest, and Abby
solicitous for the safety of the inmates
of the little coop, waited her chance,
and when the seas fell off a little rush-
ed knee deep through the swirling
water and rescued one of the chickens.

She had hardly closed the door of
the dwelling behind her when a sea,
breaking over the rock, broke down the
old cobblestone house with a crash.

While the storm was at its height the
waves threatened the granite dwell-
ing, so that the family had to take
refuge in the towers for safety, and
there they remained with no sound to
greet them without but the roaring of
the wind around the lanterns, and no
sight but the sea seething over the
rock.

Yet through it all the lamps were
trimmed and lighted. Even after the
storm abated the reach between the
rock and Matineus Island was so
rough that Capt. Burgess could not re-
turn until four weeks later.

About the Size of It.

Willie—Pa, what is the reverse side
of a coin?

Pa—It's the side the other fellow
never naves when you toss him for the
cigars.

T. H. TONGUE DEAD

OREGON REPRESENTATIVE SUCCEUMS